MR. FRAZER'S CONGREGATION:

OR

FASHIONABLE RELIGION

Illustrated.

By REV. W. W. CRANE.

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WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM, 9 SPRUCE-ST.

1852.

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MR. FRAZER'S CONGREGATION:

OR,

FASHIONABLE RELIGION ILLUSTRATED:

"Can you tell me, Johny, what was the text yesterday?" said Rev. Mr. Frazer to the son of Deacon Jones, a bright lad of eight summers.

John.---"Yes, sir, it was the first epistle of John, 2d chapter, and 15th verse, 'Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."

Mr. Frazer.—"Well done, my lad; you have done well to commit it to memory so soon."

John.—"My mother learned it to me a great while ago."

Mr. F.—"Deacon Jones, how do you like your home?"

Deacon J.—"I am well pleased with it; I selected it with care."

Mr. F.—"It is a charming situation, only a milo from the city, and in the vicinity of so many priviliges. You was at church yesterday Deacon for the first time since your removal to this place. Do you not think we have a respectable church and congregation ?"

Deacon J.—"The church is large : that is well. I suppose on extraordinary occasions it will be filled ; but the unnecessary expense of ornament would build a comfortable meeting-house in the town from which I removed, where the congregation worship in a private dwelling house."

Mr. F.—" We must compete with the other denominations of the city in the ornaments and costly finishing of our church, or we cannot compete with them in respectability of an audience ; and now sir, there is not a more brilliant display of carriages about any church in the city, and the richly dressed congregation, and so many men of wealth, and eminent office and station ; the mayor of the city always with his family in his pew, all confirms me in the proud assurance that we shall not be outdone."

Deacon J.—" I saw no colored people in your congregation."

Mr. F.—" We have a seat appropriated to

them, but they now worship by themselves, and their seat is vacant."

Deacon J.—"I saw an aged man, with poor and patched garments in the negro seat, all alone. Who was he?"

Mr. F.—"He is the only abject poor man belonging to my church. His name is Bates."

Deacon J.—"He is then a member of your church. I thought he was a man of deep piety; he paid the strictest attention to the sermon, and was often in tears."

Mr. F.—"Indeed; well I did not know that he was in the church until the audience were dismissed."

Deacon J.—"He stood near the door, meekly, waiting your approach, but Mr. F. you turned so suddenly from him, when near enough to take his hand, that I thought you affected not to see him. Just then you shooks hands with a gentleman you called Mr. Maxwell, with gold spectacles, and gold-headed cane, and very costly apparel. His wife and daughters were with him, surpassing almost any in jewelry and apparel. Who was that?"

Mr. F.—"That was Judge Maxwell, the richest merchant in the city. He is a constant hearer, and liberal supporter and patron of our church."

Deacon J.—"What made me so particular in

my enquiry was, that I heard him on Saturday challenging gentlemen to engage him in a horse-race, and swearing most profanely, and drinking brandy with very wicked company at the Eagle Hotel, as I called a moment on business ; he was also most blasphemously ridiculing the Bible. Did you know that he was an infidel."

Mr. F.—"I did ; I regret it, for he is in many respects a gentleman, and he pays one hundred dollars a year of my salary."

Deacon J.—"I saw a carriage containing a gentleman, his wife and daughters, drive directly from the church to take a pleasure excursion. Who were they ?"

Mr. F.—"The Mayor's family. They generally do the same every Sabbath after they leave church. I am sorry to see it."

Deacon J.—"Shortly after you descended the pulpit stairs, you spoke with three gentlemen so much resembling each other, that I thought them to be brothers."

Mr. F.—"They were the firm of Anderson and brothers, wholesale dealers. They own most of the stock in our city bank, besides large investments in shipping. They are regular attendants at our church."

Deacon J.—"Are they not the sons of George Anderson, of B——?"

Mr. F.—"They are."

Deacon J.—"They were school-fellows with me a short time in my childhood. My father has often spoken of George Anderson. But let us return to old Mr. Bates, who occupied the negro seat. I saw when you passed him without speaking to him, a tear started in his eye, and he walked slowly away; when out of church he was soon alone. I kept my eye on him as he moved along, a solitary object, until he was nearly out of the city. Where does he reside?"

Mr. F.—"He resides back of those hills, down the lake somewhere. In going to his home, he leaves the road, and takes a foot-path winding among the hills towards the lake shore. When I have taken an excursion on the lake, I have seen a cottage nearly covered with wild vines, which I supposed was his, with a little garden spot, surrounded with high rocks."

Deacon J.—"Have you never visited him?"

Mr. F.—"I have not; he is a very obscure man, of a most abject appearance, earning his living by sawing wood in the city."

Deacon J.—"Is not this Thomas Bates of B——?"

Mr. F.—"It is."

Deacon J.—"I have often heard my father, with tears, tell the history of Thomas Bates, of B—. He was a young man of intelligence, of amiable deportment, and generous, and disinterested to an extreme. He possessed a small fortune, which he had accumulated by industry, when he went into partnership with Geo. Anderson, father of the firm of Anderson and brothers, of this city. Anderson was unprincipled, selfish, and shrewd; was always watching his opportunity, and when the property of the firm had arisen to thirty thousand dollars, succeeded in transferring all to himself. Subsequently he foreclosed a mortgage on Bates' house and land, and stript him of all. And now, sir, the vast wealth of these Andersons had its beginning in the hard labor of this poor old man that sits in the negro seat, for he owned nearly all, when he and Anderson became partners."

Mr. F.—"Had Mr. Bates any children?"

Deacon J.—"He had one daughter. While Geo. Anderson, jun., now senior, of the Anderson firm, was at college, she was residing with an aunt in the vicinity of the college. Anderson was ten years older than Martha Bates. Having been acquainted with her from her infancy, he often visi-

ted her—succeeded in gaining her juvenile love and confidence, seduced her, and left her abandoned on the world's wide stage, at the age of fifteen. Overwhelmed with shame, before her aunt knew her guilt, she left for home, but with worse dread of meeting her parents, she turned aside from her way, and sojourned among strangers until concealment was impossible, and then many a matron with false notions of propriety refused her shelter under her roof. In the midst of a winter tempest, she called in the evening at Hon. John Morgan's for shelter. Mrs. Morgan rudely ordered her out. Geo. Anderson was there, in another room, in company with Mrs. M.'s daughters, one of whom he subsequently married. My father who had called in on business, interfered, but to no purpose; and seeing the child pushed out into the pelting tempest, he took her to his house, where she died in a few weeks. The news of her death was the first news her parents had of her disgrace or her sufferings."

(Mr. Norris enters with Mr. Knowles, and is introduced by Rev. Mr. F. as a member of his church.)

Deacon J.—"I believe you are of the legal profession, sir."

Mr. Norris.—"I am, sir."

Deacon J.—"I have heard you plead in B—."

Mr. N.—"Very probably, sir, I have attended several terms of the court there. I called in to see you Mr. Frazer. Mrs. Norris is in want of a maid servant. Perhaps you know one that we could employ."

Mr. F.—"Deacon Jones do you know any thing of Mr. Page's family, who have just come to this vicinity from B—?"

Deacon J.—"I am well acquainted with them. Mrs. Page has several daughters."

Mr. N.—"Is Mr. Page poor?"

Deacon J.—"He is."

Mr. N.—"Have the daughters been accustomed to do service?"

Deacon J.—"They have often assisted neighboring families, especially in nursing the sick."

Mr. N.—"Do you think that we could employ one of them?"

Deacon J.—"I do not know, it will depend upon the treatment that servants receive in your family."

Mr. N.—"You would not question that we treat our servants kindly, would you Mr. Jones?"

Deacon J.—"If you make a distinction of rank or cast in your family, Mrs. Page's daughters cannot be employed."

Mr. N.—"No family of any distinction in our city, or in the country, will have servants, male or female, rank with their employers. Servants must know and keep their place, and that is not in the parlor with company, nor at the table with their employers, and their guests. No, Mr. Jones, working men with us are not to come in without coats, and seat themselves with gentlemen at table, and servant maids are to learn that their empire is the kitchen. I think you understand me."

Deacon J.—"I do, Mr. Norris. You cannot employ one of Mrs. Page's daughters."

Mr. N.—"Then you think their foolish pride would make them refuse a good situation, and ample wages."

Deacon J.—"Sir, their pride is noble, it is the inheritance of the daughters of America. Mrs. Page's daughters will never become your slaves; they will sooner braid hats, or even range the wild swamps, and gather cranberries for market."

Mr. N.—"Well, Mr. Jones, you are very eccentric in your views of propriety."

Deacon J.—"That refinement must be fastidious that looks with abhorrence upon a worthy young woman at table with her employers and their guests, because she has been seen in the kitchen; and how great the inconsistency in that

false refinement that is shocked to see a man in genteel company without a coat, and looks with complacency on a lady in genteel company, or even in church, with her arms naked, or only covered with gauze."

Mr. N.—"There are hundreds of American girls of intelligence, in our city, engaged in braiding, cap-making, &c., for one-half, or three-fourths of what we would pay them as servants, while we are obliged to employ the most ignorant Swiss or Irish emigrants."

Deacon J.—"I hope you will find none less ignorant, willing to crouch into the condition of your servants; and I hope the Swiss and Irish emigrant will soon become too intelligent to be thus degraded."

Mr. N.—"In every age, there has been distinction of rank, and probably there always will be."

Deacon J.—"Men and women are, and ever will be, distinguished by intelligence, but wealth should make no distinction."

Mr. N.—"But will not the most intelligent in the very nature of things, become the men of wealth."

Deacon J.—"No, sir; the unscrupulous, the selfish, and the man void of conscience, will more

commonly become the man of wealth ; while many of the best hearts in the world are found among the poor."

Mr. N —" You differ, Mr. Jones, from some of the wisest and greatest men of our age. In the lectures of Dr. B—, great respect is paid to head labor ; hand labor of the most respectful kind, is placed far below head labor in the scale ; common labor far below this ; next the dregs of society, and next perdition. Dr. B. allows the right to sell knowledge and talent as high as we can, and I think the man who has a superior talent to discern the value of property, and to foresee coming changes in the commercial world, may use his talent in accumulating wealth."

Deacon J.—" He may, if he do not supplant or wrong anybody of less shrewdness, but he has no more right to take advantage of a man of less shrewdness, or slower perception, prostrate him, and travel over him to a fortune, than a man of superior physical strength has to knock down a man of feebler frame, and travel over him to a fortune. Dr. B., if you rightly understand him, has tarnished his reputation. If such are his views, I have little confidence in his anti-slavery, or in his republicanism "

Mr. N.—" Mr. Page will find it impossible to

rank with those whose quicker perception has placed them above them in wealth."

Deacon J.—"This family, sir, can never be enslaved; I know their stern New England nature. Fifteen years ago, Mr. Page's prospects were flattering; at that time the gentleman who is now your partner, sold him fifteen thousand dollars worth, nominally, of stock, which he knew was rapidly depreciating, and would soon be worthless; he, however, represented it to Mr. Page as good, and rising in value. Page had at that time the utmost confidence in Jasper, your partner, and sold him in that bargain, five thousand dollars worth, nominally, of city lots, which Jasper knew would be worth twenty thousand in one month, in consequence of an act just passed by the legislature, information of which Jasper had got that morning by express. Stript in one day of his fortune, by the head labor of a treacherous friend, Mr. Page rented a small farm, which he has cultivated ever since, until he removed to this place."

Mr. Knowles.—"I have listened with great attention, expecting that Mr. Jones' strictures would fall on me."

Deacon J.—"You was as poor as Mr. Page two years ago, although you now rank with the monied gentry of the city."

Mr. Knowles.—"I think my speculations have been lawful and honorable."

Deacon J.—"Your speculations in the mines may be lawful, and by the decision of popular opinion honorable; but they will hardly stand the test of the rule of right contained in the gospel. You sold your lots too high, taking advantage of a time of great excitement to sell, and taking advantage of the ignorance of men, who had recently arrived, and were not capable of judging of the value of property in the mines."

Mr. Knowles.—"I never gave a false statement of the value of any property I sold in the mines."

Deacon J.—"Perhaps not, but you sold for more than you would have given, had you been a purchaser, possessing the knowledge of the facts, as you knew them in selling.

Three brothers left their families in B——, mortgaging their possessions for a few hundred dollars which they paid to you for lots, and after working the lots with hard toil for eighteen months with little success, they abandoned them, and returned to their families pennyless They are now reduced to abject poverty. How many others have suffered in like manner I do not know, but these I should suppose were enough to embitter all the joys of wealth. Your jobbing on the pub-

he works is likely to result in a similar manner on some honest hard-working men. The Commissioners are to pay you fifty thousand for your job, and you have let it in small jobs for thirty-five thousand.

"The public works should give a fair opportunity to the laboring poor. The Money drawer from the State Treasury for the public works should go to the honest poor, who perform the work, and what right you, or any other man, has to pocket Fifteen Thousand Dollars, seizing it on the way from the treasury to the laborer, the day of judgement will determine.

Some of the men to whom you let jobs may do well, others will become bankrupt, and a great number of men in their employ will return to their families without a dollar. So that your fifteen thousand dollars comes in the end from the miseries of the people. If the commissioners were honest men, they let the work to you for what in their judgement it was worth, if they were not capable of judging of its worth, they should be removed from office; and above all if they connive at iniquity in the speculation they are unfit for the public confidence."

Mr. Frazer.—"Deacon Jones, you will not question that distinction in wealth is necessary. Some

men must have capital, or how could mills and manufactories be established; and then men of wealth do much good in giving employment to laborers."

Deacon J.—"Mills and manufactories could be established by a union of men with small fortunes. It is true men of wealth give employment to laborers, but they usually appropriate to themselves from one eighth to one fourth, of their earnings. They help the poor to money by purchasing their horses, cattle, or sheep at four fifths of their value, or by loaning to them at an enormous interest. They furnish the poor with grain or meal, at from thirty to fifty per cent more than it cost them."

M. F.—"Do you think all wealthy men wicked."

Deacon J.—"I do not; there are some men of wealth who are great benefactors of mankind, as Mr. Smith, and Mr. Harris, but you know Mr. Frazer that these are rare exceptions to a general rule. Wealth is generally earned by the laboring poor, by hard labor, and by innumerable speculations it is transfered to idle men, of head work, who despise the poor, whom they have robbed, and whom they would make servants."

Mr. F.—"My only wealth is my education, and my professional standing; I came honestly by these."

Deacon J.—"I doubt not you came honestly by these, as far as you are personally concerned, yet I have heard your father say, that during the five years that you spent in college he employed four men, at ten dollars per month. He said he could have paid them twelve dollars per month, and made a fair profit on his farming, but by paying only ten, he saved just enough to meet your expenses at College."

(Mr. Norris, Mr. Knowles, and Rev. Mr. Frazer, having dined with Mr. Jones, have walked out with him to view his farm.

Mrs. Norris, Mrs. Anderson, and Mrs. Knowles, have called to see Mrs. Jones.)

Mrs. Anderson.—"Mr. Jones has selected a beautiful situation here."

Mrs. Jones.—"I think so, I am highly pleased with it."

Mrs. Norris.—"I saw you at church Mrs. Jones, do you not think Mr. Frazer has a very respectable congregation ; there is not a more respectable congregation in the city ; I am glad you have selected Mr. Frazer's church, as your place of worship."

Mrs. Knowles.—"What object of pity was that in the negro seat, with coat and pants so patched ;

I was astonished to see him in Mr. Frazer's church."

Mrs. Anderson —"That was old Mr. Bates. He has always worshiped there since he came to his present home more than twenty years ago."

Mrs. Jones.—"Mr. Jones was deeply interested in that old man. He will soon visit him."

Mrs. Anderson.—"Indeed! I do not believe Mr. Anderson was ever in his cottage. Such persons deserve no attention, unless it be in almsgiving, and I am sure Mr Anderson would be as ready to give alms as any man, although he has no time to be running after the poor to see when they are in want."

Mrs. Jones.—"Mr. Bates is said to be a very pious member of the church, and yet Mr. Frazer has never visited him, and I do not know that any body has visited him; how can we know what sufferings his family may be enduring; Mrs. Bates may be sick."

Mrs. Anderson.—"Possibly she is; I have not seen her at church in eighteen months."

Mrs. J.—"I believe Mr. Bates has neither child, nor grandchild."

Mrs. A.—"He has neither. He had a daughter, I have seen her at her aunt's near my fathers."

Mrs. J.—"Are you the daughter of Judge Morgan of A."

Mrs. A —"I am ; I wonder what became of Martha Bates."

Mrs. J.—"She died at Mr. Jones' Father's."

Here Mrs. Anderson stept hastily to the window, and stood silent a long time, probably reflecting on that scene, when poor Martha, the victim of Mr. Anderson's treachery, was driven by her mother, Mrs. Morgan, into the pitiless tempest in the night.

Mrs. Knowles.—"What family Mrs. Jones occupied the pew in front of yours?"

Mrs. J.—"The family of Mr. Page, lately from B."——

Mrs. K.—"What a coarse looking group, how ridiculous Mrs. Page and her daughters looked with their old fashioned bonnets, and such shawls! I wonder at their choosing our church, as their place of worship ; I should think they would have gone to Mr. Norton's congregation on Lake street, or to Mr. Parson's in the country; but they will receive so little attention, that I presume they will soon leave, and go some where else; for as Mr. Knowles says, it will be too hot for them there. They are a disgrace to Mr. Frazer's congregation."

Mrs. J.—Mr. Page's family do not go to church to receive, or bestow attentions. In intelligence and piety, they are surpassed by no family. I have passed some of the pleasantest hours of my life with this excellent family in their humble cottage in B———."

Mrs. K.—"I hope Mrs. Jones you do not intend to associate with them here! Mr. Jones standing in the legal profession will give your family the privilege of classing with those of the first rank in this city, but you cannot expect it if you associate with such coarse people. I hope especially Mrs. Jones you will not allow your daughters to associate with that family. They are young, and strangers here, and should be introduced into the best families first."

Mrs. Norris.—"It would be their ruin to be seen with that low family now."

Mrs. Anderson.—"Have your daughters had an invitation to the ball, which is to be on the fourth of July?"

Mrs. J.—"They have."

Mrs. Norris.—"They will go, by all means."

Mrs. J.—"They will not."

Mrs. Anderson.—"Will not! why Mrs. Jones, how can you deny them!"

Mrs. J.—"They have no inclination to go."

Mrs. A.—"How strange! Have they never learned to dance?"

Mrs. J.—"They have not, they never desired to learn."

Mrs. A.—"What a misfortune! How will they acquire grace and ease of manners?"

Mrs. J.—"Dancing has more credit, than it should have for grace and ease of manners, all the benefit to be derived from the art will fall far short of balancing against the evils arising from it."

Mrs. A.—"What evils can arise from dancing?"

Mrs. J.—"With many who dance easily, it becomes a passion, absorbing the whole mind, disipating not only all religious sobriety and elevation, but even all taste for the acquisition of substantial and useful knowledge. It begets inordinate love of company, and of dress. It also pampers selfishness, the votaries of the ball-chamber live not for the glory of God, nor for the happiness of mankind, they live for their own personal enjoyment, having a total distaste for all the self-denials enjoined by the Gospel."

"My daughters have engaged to visit Mrs. Page's daughters on the fourth of July."

At this announcement all were silent for some minutes when Mrs. Jones proceeded.

"Mrs. Page's daughters are intelligent, and aimable, and of most exemplary piety; and being several years older than mine, they have been their instructors.

"I am more indebted to their councils, than to any other human instrumentallity for the early piety of my children. My daughter Jane whom we buried last Feb, said to me when dying, 'O mother, what a debt of gratitude I owe to those excellent young ladies the Misses Page for their pious councils."

Otter Creek, June 12th, 1852.

CHAPTER II.

"Good morning Deacon Jones," said Rev. Mr. Frazer. "When did you arrive at home?"

Deacon Jones. "Last evening."

Mr. F. "During your absence Mr. Page's family have left our congregation, and Col. Ackison's family occupy the pew that they left. I think it has improved the appearance of the audience very much. Mr. Ackison's family are richly dressed, and have an intelligent appearance. That Page family were a disparagement to my congregation; their coarse and unfashionable apparel, and country-like manners, unfitted them for membership in my church. No one sought an acquaintance with them; they came to church in silence, spoke to no one while there, either before or after service, and walked away as solitary as old Mr. Bates."

Deacon Jones. "And, yet sir, this Page family above all families in my acquaintance, is like the most holy, and worthy families mentioned in

the Old and New Testament Scriptures. Had they lived eighteen hundred years ago, they would have received the special smile of Jesus of Nazareth, and he would have often resorted to their humble home. Their house would have been the Apostles' home, and their intelligence and piety, their humility and simplicity of manners, would have made them models and patterns of Christian deportment. I am alarmed sir, when I see those who renounce the pomp and vain show of the world spurned from the society of the professed disciples of the Savior. Your church, Mr. Frazer, bears a striking resemblance to the Pharisees, but very little resemblance to Christ, or to his disciples."

Mr. F. "Deacon Jones! have you become a fanatic? I could not have expected such language from you. Do you think my church destitute of piety or true godliness?"

Deacon J. "Not wholly destitute, but nearly so. Mr. Page's family are gone. Old Mr. Bates is the holiest man remaining."

Mr. F. "Old Mr. Bates!"

Deacon J. "Yes, sir, old Mr. Bates; and I fear he will never occupy his seat in the church again, for I visited him this morning and found him very ill."

Mr. F. "Indeed! Were they in need?"

Deacon J. "No one knew of their affliction, except Joseph Sanders, a colored man; as he had not seen Mr. Bates about the city with his saw for several days, he went over last evening to see if all was right, and finding Mr. Bates so ill he staid through the night, and was just leaving when I arrived. He was going to employ a physician at his own expense; but poor fellow, he is hardly able to feed and clothe his own family by wood-sawing."

Mr. F. "Has no physician been employed?"

Deacon J. "I engaged Dr. Bliss to attend Mr. Bates during his sickness, at my expense, and hired Joseph to stay with him; and no one could be more acceptable, as Joseph is a very devout man."

Mr. F. "Have they a supply of food and clothing?"

Deacon J. "My son has gone over with such things as they need. Mr. Page's eldest daughter accompanied him. She is an excellent nurse, and has generously offered to assist Mrs. Bates through this scene of affliction."

Mr. F. "Your sweeping denunciations, Deacon, against my church, fill me with the keenest pain. I had placed the highest value on your

judgment and counsels, but this morning you appear fanatical. Can you soberly think that such people as the Pages and old Mr. Bates can exert the influence necessary to evangelize the world, while their poverty cuts them off from all intercourse with those who establish popular opinion, and rule the world? Mr. Page's family seldom ride to church; but when they do, their antique carriage makes a strange appearance about the church, drawn by their clumsy farm-horses. Probably they will exert about as much influence as old Mr. Bates, with patched garments, and torn boots, going about our city with his saw on his arm."

Deacon J. "Such people as these that you so much despise are the salt of the earth, and the light of the world."

Mr. F. "Fanaticism is alike through all time, and the world over. Its suggestions are all impracticable; it never takes the world as it is, but entertains vague and transcendental notions of what it should be; it despises expediency, policy, utility, and availability; and condemning the prudent and discrete; it rushes madly on like a train of cars attempting to climb Himala, or a steamboat determined to navigate upward over Niagara."

Deacon J. "You seem to walk by sight. Trust and confidence in God, is called fanaticism by this generation. The recognizing of eternal and immutable principles of right and of moral truth, is called fanaticism ; all who do not follow in the wake of popular opinion are called fanatics. '*Vox populi vox dei,*' is the maxim of this age. The world hated Christ, and hated his disciples. They 'walked by faith, and not by sight,' and were called fanatics, by Jews and Gentiles. The world was not of God ; the Christians were not of the world ; they had come out from the world, and the world was crucified to them, and they were crucified to the world. By the world was meant not only the Gentiles, but the ungodly Jews ; Priests, and Levites, Pharisees, Scribes, and Doctors of the Law. Christianity was to stand on its own merits. It was not to depend on the smile of princes ; on the favor of the nobility ; or on pomp and show, and imposing appearances. The influence of wealth and station, was shunned by Christ and his Apostles. The disciples were charged not to pay special respect to such, as came into their assembly in costly apparel. They were told that from these they were to expect their greatest calamities. Mr. Page and Mr. Bates must feel the force of these Scriptures most keenly, for the capi-

tal on which two of the principal mercantile firms in your church commenced business, was plundered from them, by professedly Christian hands."

Mr. F. "I have an audience of eight hundred, and a church of three hundred communicants; embracing the most prominent and influential men of the city; men who lead and form the mind of the mass, on almost every subject. I take up large collections for the support of the home and foreign missions; have the largest Sabbath school and Bible class in the city. With all these facilities we can exert a great influence for the honor and spread of Christianity."

Deacon J. "The Jewish Priesthood, and the Pharisees had equal facilities, and more zeal; and yet when Joseph and Mary, the poorest of the poor, came to Bethehem, and took lodgings in a stable, and the Savior was born, and laid in a manger; this influential Jewish church rejected him with scorn; and so would your church, if the Savior were born under the same circumstances, in your city, this day. The influence of such men is only to advance nominal Christianity, and this is often as graceless as paganism.

"Where have Mr. Page's family gone?"

Mr. F. "They have gone to Mr. Parson's congregation in the country. I hope you will not follow!"

Here a long pause ensued.

Mr. F. "Do I not preach the truth?"

Deacon J. "You preach the truth as far as you go, but you preach against no popular vice."

Mr. F. "What popular vices are there in my congregation that I do not preach against?"

Deacon J. "Many, but I will now only mention intemperance."

Mr. F. "I preach against drunkenness."

Deacon J. "True, but you do not preach against fashionable dram-drinking, nor against making and selling rum."

Mr. F. "This Temperance Reform is fraught with so much fanaticism and indiscretion, and so blended with politics, that most of my congregation discountenance it, and think the Bible a sufficient rule, and the church a sufficient temperance society."

Deacon J. "If the church is a sufficient temperance society, it should act, and from whom are we to hear on the subject, but from yourself."

Mr. F. "For me to bring into the pulpit the subject of dram drinking, and wine drinking, of making and selling rum, would be throwing firebrands, arrows, and death into it. I cannot take this imprudent step; it would ruin me."

Deacon J. "General Blake has long been a

member of your church. For ten years he has run a distillery in his village, and sold about three thousand barrels in a year. The immense evil that this thirty thousand barrels of spirits has done in this State, will not be revealed until the day of judgment. My brother has resided near General Blake for fifteen years, and from him I learn that General Blake has retailed about one hundred barrels a year from his distillery, tavern, and store. This would make one thousand barrels in ten years, or one-thirtieth of the whole he has sold. If the evil done by the whole, corresponds with that done by that retailed in General Blake's vicinity, what an account he must render at the final day ; and yet he has been a member of your church these ten years without rebuke.

" It is thought by wise and candid men, that this retail traffic in Gen. B.'s vicinity has been in pecuniary point, ten thousand dollars damage. Many farmers, who were once industrious and prospering, have become idle and shiftless, by drinking ; their farms are mostly common pasture for the village cows ; the fences have fallen. Some have become so poor that they have loaned money of Gen. B., and their farms have fallen in the General's possession. Mechanics, once occupying neat and comfortable homes, with happy fa-

milies, have gone with sorrowing wives, half clothed and uneducated children, into miserable huts. Morals have become low, profanity has become proverbial. There was once a religious meeting and Sabbath school in the village, but drinking has destroyed both. The gentry go to the city on the Sabbath, while the rest of the inhabitants lounge at home, visit each other; go hunting or fishing, or meet at General Blake's bar-room to drink."

Mr. F. "How is it that among so much blasting and mildew, that the General has become so rich?"

Deacon J. He, like an arch gambler, has turned the ruin of others to his profit."

Mr. F. "Deacon, this is harsh language toward so respectable a man as Gen. Blake. No man is more esteemed and honored in the city; no man pays more into the treasury of the church, and Mrs. Blake visits my family with more donations than any other one."

Deacon J. "It is no wonder that he is honored in the city, the world will love its own, and as for his paying into the church treasury, it is a small thing for him to give what he has never earned. That money, Mr. F., is the price of domestic bliss.

John Gage and Silas Dayton were the first settlers where Blakesville now is. Blake made his first purchase of them. I knew Gage from his childhood. There never was a more generous heart. He married just before coming to this country, the youngest daughter of most respectable parents. She had been brought up, not in idleness, yet in great tenderness. Never was a child dearer to parents, or more worthy to be loved. Gage became a Justice of the Peace, almost as soon as he settled in his new home, and when Blake purchased of him, he was one of the Judges of this county. Public business brought him often to Blake's bar-room; his generosity and good nature became a snare, and he was drawn into the habit of drinking. By degrees his lands fell into the hands of Blake, while he, like an arch-destroyer, beheld the fall of Gage without regret, till watching his opportunity, he succeeded in loaning him money, and taking a mortgage on all he had left, including his buildings. The mortgage was foreclosed, and all fell into the hands of Blake. Poor Gage and his family left their beautiful home, with its charming garden, planted and dressed by Mrs. Gage's own hands, and took up their lodgings in an old hut on the outskirts of the common. From this time Gage seemed to

have lost his reason. He made no preparation for winter, and when it came, the snow sifted through the open walls and roof. There was no wood but what Mrs. Gage brought from the forest in her arms. She supported herself and two little children, and husband, by her needle, until grief and privation rendered her unable to leave home From this time her decline was rapid. A boy hunting for some stray sheep, called in early one morning in February, after a night of dreadful tempest, and found the children, the youngest two years old, locked in each others' arms, on the hearth, near some embers. On a bed lay the lifeless mother. The snow covered the bed, and hands, and neck of the dead. Between the bed and fire-place, was a large snow-drift, through which the children had tread a path with their bare feet. The boy hastened to the tavern, and found Gage asleep on the bar-room floor, and Gen. Blake kicking him, and ordering him to get up, and build a fire, if he expected his dram."

Mr. F. "That is a touching piece of history, Deacon Jones. What became of Silas Dayton?"

Deacon J. "His history is nearly the same as that of Gage. He did not commence his downward course so soon. He was for six years Sheriff of this county, and then his intemperance render-

ed him incapable of attending to the duties of the office. By this time Blake had all his property.

"Dayton was brother to Mrs. Gage; her tragical death threw him into raging delirium, in which state, by accident, or by intention, he fell into the river and was drowned. Poor Mrs. Dayton, who is sister to Gage, took his two little children to her house, and this increased her family to six in number. In the spring Blake ejected her from the house, as it was now his, and he had an opportunity to rent it to a man able to pay."

Mr. F. "What became of her?"

Deacon J. "She went with her six children to the old hovel on the common, where Mrs. Gage did. Here she spent three years. Her principal dependence is on her own hands, sewing and washing, though her eldest son, twelve years of age, helps her all he can. Gage, who is now, by repeated attacks of delirium tremens, nearly an idiot, often comes there sick, and is for a long time on her hands. Had I known the circumstances before I went my journey, I should have visited her. Providence permitting I shall do so soon."

Rev. Mr. Frazer left evidently in deep and oppressive thought.

In the afternoon Gen. Blake on his way to the city, called and left Mrs. Blake at Deacon Jones'. Mrs. Blake had formed some acquaintance with Mrs. Jones at church, and had long been anxious to have a walk in Mr. Jones' charming orchard and garden.

Mrs. Blake. "I deem it a great privilege Mrs. Jones to leave our dirty village once in a while, and breathe the pure country air."

Mrs. Jones. "I always admired a country residence."

Mrs. B. "I was very well pleased with our situation for the first few years, but for ten years every thing has seemed to be going to decay, except Mr. Blake's property. Beautiful gardens have disappeared, orchards have been browsed down, the paint has disappeared from the buildings, and most of the streets and lanes have become filthy, and in addition to this there are so many cattle and swine fattened about the distillery, that a most disagreeable odor always arises in warm weather. If distilling was not one principal means of increasing wealth, I should urge Mr. Blake to discontinue the business."

Mrs. J. "It is pleasant to reside among a population industrious, and cleanly, but especially moral."

Mrs. B. "The people of our village were once industrious, cleanly, and moral, but they are almost the farthest remove from it now. There is much said of sympathy and charity for the poor, but I have been vexed with them beyond the bounds of all patience. Even the farms around our village, except those which have fallen into the hands of Mr. Blake, are neglected, and present a most unpleasant appearance."

Deacon Jones. "I saw when passing your place yesterday, a woman washing on the side of the river, back of your house. Do you know who it was?"

Mrs. Blake. "It was widow Dayton, widow of Silas Dayton, a poor, drunken fellow, who threw himself into the river three years ago; she has done my washing since his death."

Deacon J. "I have seen her washing there several times, and was struck with her sorrowful appearance."

Mrs. B. "She comes to my wash-room in the winter, but in the summer she chooses to wash by the river side, and as she always has a group of half-clothed and starving children around her, I would rather not have her about my house. I pay her an extra price, and she brings her own luncheon, and I have no trouble with her."

"Deacon J. "I passed through your village about five o'clock; as the stage coach was descending the hill, and entering the common, I saw the woman and her children one hundred yards ahead. She was just then leaving her tub, and taking up a little child, perhaps three years old, that tired and sleepy, was hanging to its mother's dress. A boy of six or seven years, was bringing some barks and chips from the drift-wood, to replenish the fire, while a girl, not much older, was spreading a cloth over a board laid upon a rock for a table, and laying some cold victuals thereon for supper. As we came nearer, I heard her singing plaintively,

'My suffering time will soon be o'er,
Then I shall sigh and weep no more.'

"At length we were along side of them, and within five rods of them. The little girl who had spread the table, said, 'Mother, supper is ready, come mother, won't you eat.' The mother did not move. I saw the tears dropping from her chin, glistening in the beams of the setting sun. The child in her lap, waked by the sister's voice, looked up and said, 'Muzze feel bad, poor muzzee.' A crack of the driver's whip soon hurried us from the scene."

Mrs. B. "Indeed, Mr. Jones! you must be a

poet to make anything interesting out of such a scene. I have had the poor around me until I am hardened against their whining. I think Mr. Blake is generous to Mrs. Dayton; he allows her to pick up any old wood along the river, and gives her house rent."

Deacon J. "The house is very poor Mrs. Blake."

Mrs. B. "Yes, but it is good enough for her, it is in perfect keeping with her clothes and furniture."

Deacon J. "This Mrs. Dayton is probably Lucy Gage, sister to John Gage. If so she was the daughter of most worthy parents, was delicately brought up, highly edueated, and married a young man of wealth and virtue, and great talent."

Mrs. B. "She is the same."

CHAPTER III.

[Deacon Jones calls on Rev. Mr. Frazer, to introduce to him Mr. Green, an anti-slavery lecturer.]

Deacon J. "I have called this morning, Mr. Frazer, to obtain your consent for Mr. Green to lecture on anti-slavery in your church to-morrow evening."

Mr. F. "Why did you not call on the Trustees? I do not keep the keys of the church!"

Deacon J. "I knew very well that the Trustees would not open the church without your consent. I therefore called upon you first."

Mr. F. "This gentleman is a stranger to me; how am I to know how he will lecture, or what consequences will follow?"

Mr. Green now presented his credentials which Mr. Frazer read.

Deacon J. "Are they not sufficient?"

Mr. F. "They are."

Deacon J. "I now wish a direct answer, Mr. Frazer. Do you give your consent?"

Mr. F. "I do not."

Mr. Green. "Will you give your reasons?"

Mr. F. "Abolitionism is at war with popular opinion, and it is an insult to an intelligent, virtuous, and honorable portion of the citizens of this republic."

Mr. G. "If it is at war with popular opinion, it is a poor reason for a Christian to give for not being interested in it. Edwards, Whitefield, and Wesley were all at war with popular opinion. Who was ever more at war with popular opinion than Luther? War with popular opinion characterized the Christian martyrs of every age. Popular opinion brought the Savior to the cross."

Mr. F. "Abolitionism is uncourteous, and insulting to the South, treating them as criminals, and withholding from them Christian fellowship."

Mr. G. "We expel a man from the church for stealing a sheep, and shall we fellowship one that steals a man?"

Mr. F. "To call slave-holders man-thieves is barbarous."

Mr. G. "The venerable Wesley places man-buyers exactly on a level with man-stealers, and if our Declaration of Independence be true, and all men have an inalienable right to liberty, then every slave-holder steals a human being as often as he claims the new-born child of the female slave. And more than this: if all men are created

equal, and endowed by their Creator with an inalienable right to liberty, then the holding of a man in slavery, is, in every instance, man-stealing."

Mr. F. "Abolitionism leads to incendiarism and insurrection."

Mr. G. "We commenced the investigation of this subject when the suffering slave, goaded to the last extremity, was in daily danger of rising upon his master; when a distinguished Southern statesman said: 'We sleep every night over a volcanoe;' and, while for twenty years, we have endeavored to pacify the slave, and lead him to patiently wait his deliverance, we have labored to convince the slave-holder of his danger, and his guilt; and lay before the government of our nation, the merits of this mighty question."

Mr. F. "What good have you done? have you not provoked the South to fasten the chain stronger on the slave, and put back emancipation fifty years?"

Mr. G. "You are reiterating old and stereotyped charges, Mr. Frazer; charges made by men, of sheer hypocricy, who, before this subject was agitated, were making the chain as strong as possible, and determining that slavery should be as lasting as time. We have brought the subject

of the rights of man, and the outrage committed on those rights by slavery, before many millions. An abhorrence of this awful barbarism, slavery, is getting possession of their minds, and is being transmitted to the rising generation. Slavery is doomed."

Mr. F. "Your memorials and petitions have gone on to the table in Congress, and in spite of your Hales and Giddings, the Fugitive Slave Law has passed, and much of the territory acquired from Mexico is to be occupied by slavery."

Mr. G. "These may be the death throes of slavery. If the slaves are goaded to great extremities, now that they have become so numerous, there will be an insurrection; and in that event slaveholders will have little aid from the North, or sympathy from any nation."

Mr. F. "You shock me Mr. Green! Do you suppose the North will refuse to aid the South in case of an insurrection."

Mr. G. "I do."

Mr. F. "And you justify them!"

Mr. G. "Most certainly, sir; what obligation am I under to shoulder gun and march to Savannah to shoot the suffering slave?"

Mr. F. "You are under obligation to obey the laws of your country. The Bible requires you

to obey the laws of the country in which you live, let these laws be what they may."

Mr. G. "But what if the laws conflict with my conscience? Shall I violate conscience?"

Mr. F. "Conscience is no guide in such a case. What would be more dangerous than to allow men to disobey law at the dictate of conscience? All order would end."

Mr. G. "But what if the laws conflict with, and contravene the laws of God? Shall I obey God? or shall I obey man?"

Mr. F. "No man is at liberty to judge between human and divine laws. The world is full of conflicting opinions of what the Scriptures teach, and to allow men to disobey laws that they deem unscriptural, would be the end of all government."

Deacon J. "According to your views Mr. Frazer, the Christian martyrs, the apostles, and Daniel, Shadrack, Meshach, and Abednego, were reprobates; and the signers of the Declaration of Independence were most unpardonable reprobates; for all of these followed the dictates of conscience, exercised their judgment, and trampled on oppressive and unscriptural laws; and Mr. Frazer, on the Fourth of July you pronounced a high eulogium on the signers of the Declaration, and on

the officers and soldiers of the Revolution; and even said resistance to tyrants was obedience to God."

Mr. F. "I cannot be too careful of the use of my pulpit. I exchanged with Mr. Johnson one Sabbath lately, and it cost me dear. His imprudent denunciation of the Fugitive Slave Law gave great offence to many worthy members of my congregation. Hon. Mr. Maxwell, Gen. Blake, and the Andersons, were absent from the church for several Sabbaths after; it was with great difficulty that they were persuaded to subscribe for my salary, for the present year; and they were not persuaded until I promised them that such offence should be committed no more."

Deacon J. "Are not Judge Maxwell and Gen. Blake the owners of a plantation and slaves in Texas?"

Mr. F. "They are; it is the source of great income."

Deacon J. "Have the Andersons any interest in slavery?"

Mr. F. "Not directly; they have a brother in the South who is a slaveholder. In mercantile business he is in partnership with them."

Deacon J. "Were the colored men taken last

winter to Alabama, by the Andersons, claimed by their brother?"

Mr. F. "They were, and doubtless they were his."

Deacon J. "It was a most cruel affair. They had resided in B——, ten years, and had accumulated a small fortune, which they always held in common. I never knew brothers more friendly; no unkind word was ever heard between them, and the same harmony existed between their families. Jacob, the oldest, by the cheerful consent of his two younger brethren, was manager of their business. He was the counsellor of most of the colored people in the vicinity, in all matters, especially in spiritual matters, holding the office of class-leader and exhorter. His uniform sobriety, and integrity gave him the confidence of all who knew him. His two oldest children were girls; they had attended the common school, and had acquired an excellent education, for children of their age. Jacob had left his wife very ill, in the care of a kind woman, and had gone to attend an evening meeting. Before the time for the meeting to close, Jane was sent to inform her father, that the mother had become suddenly worse, and that it was thought doubtful whether she would live until morning. The night was dark and rainy. On

her way, Jane was overtaken by several men, who inquired where the meeting was held, that Jacob Young attended that evening. She kindly offered to guide them there. When they arrived, Jacob had finished his exhortation, and was meeting the class, but when informed of his wife's condition, he dismissed the assembly, and hastened out; leading his little daughter by the hand; when he was knocked down, gagged, and thrown into a carriage, and hastily driven away."

Mr. Green. "Was he not permitted to go home?"

Deacon J. "He was not; he never saw his wife again."

Mr. G. "Did she die that night?"

Deacon J. "No. She heard of her husband's arrest with much fortitude, but when all hope was gone, and she heard that he was on his way to Alabama, she was wholly overcome, and died in a few hours."

Mr. G. "Did he see his children again?"

Deacon J. "When the commissioner had decided against him, and he was delivered to the claimant, a friend took his little girls to him, and he gave them the following address, just before he was started away:

"My dear children: your mother will proba-

bly soon be in the grave, and you will have her counsels no more. I shall never see you again, after this hour; what will become of you, and your poor little brothers, I do not know."

"O pa!" said the youngest girl, "shant we go to uncle Joseph's, or uncle John's?"

"My dear Eliza:" said the father, "You will see your uncles no more; they are in another car."

At this the children shrieked in agony, when the father tried to embrace them with his manacled arms, and exclaimed—

"Trust in the Lord, and He will sustain—"

Here the conversation was broken off, and the children were rudely pushed by an iron-faced man, exclaiming:

"Away with you, you black toads; did you not know the cars were starting?"

In a moment they were on the ground; a moment more and the cars were out of sight.

Mr. Green. "How were Joseph and John taken?"

Deacon J. "John was married that evening: he and the bride, and Joseph, and his wife had just left Squire Newman's, in a carriage together, when they were seized, dragged violently from the carriage, gagged, and carried away, before the shrieks of the women brought any assistance."

Mr. G. "In executing the fugitive slave law, men are like licensed devils."

Deacon J. "Such a scene would bring tears from a Turk, and yet men were seen in the streets of this Christian land, mimicking the wailing of the bride, and in public houses loudly laughing, and saying, 'How the wench bawled,' when refused admittance into the car where her husband sat in irons, waiting his departure for the far South."

Mr. G. "How wicked must be that spirit of caste, and that prejudice against color, that robs these suffering families of public sympathy, and makes them in the midst of all their wo, the song of the drunkard, and the butt of ridicule; and how shocking to see the Christian pulpit silent, and even pledged to silence."

Mr. F. "It is a political subject, and ought to be confined to the political forum."

Mr. G. "I called on Judge Maxwell, for the use of the court-house, and he informed me that it was a moral and religious subject, and should be confined to the pulpit; here I ask for the pulpit, and am sent back to the court-house."

Mr. F. "I am determined to keep clear from all political strife, and to keep my pulpit clear of it. I am opposed to Church and State. Religion is of God; politics is of the devil."

Mr. G. "Do you not have anything to do with politics, Mr. Frazer?"

Mr. F. "I converse on the subject, and vote; but this I do, not as a clergyman, but as a citizen."

Deacon J. "You might have added, not as a Christian, but as a worldling; for you voted at the last election for some of the most wicked of the nominees, against righteous men. I am afraid Mr. Frazer, that there is union of Church and State, between you and Judge Maxwell; you wish an hundred dollars a year from him, and he wishes you to maintain a fashionable and worldly pulpit; silent on the subject of popular sin."

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Frazer's church being deemed incurably conformed to the world, Deacon Jones and family started early one beautiful Sabbath morning in September, for Mr. Parson's church in the country. They had four miles to ride, and wished to be there in season for Sabbath School. They passed groves and orchards, where birds were singing morning hymns ; and the beautiful meadows where sheep and cattle were quietly grazing. As they came into Mr. Parson's neighborhood, the silence struck them with great pleasure ; not a boy was seen along the river, or in the fields; no men were walking about their farms, and on the roads all was still, except carriages moving quietly towards the church.

"O," said little Mary, "This is such a Sunday as we used to have in B——."

"It reminds me," said Deacon Jones, "of the days of the Puritans."

"What does Pa mean," said Mary in an undertone, "by Puritans."

"He means the first settlers of New England,"

replied Eliza, "they were remarkable for the most strict observance of the Sabbath."

Arriving at the church, they found it in a grove of elm and maple. It was of middling size, and plain outward appearance. They found about eighty children assembled for Sabbath School. When they were dismissed, they went out beneath the elms while the bell was ringing. All, however, were in their seats before Mr. Parson came in.

He was a man of gray hairs, about sixty years of age, wearing always a sweet smile, indication of the peace with God, and all mankind that dwelt in his bosom. His text was plain, his subject practical, and his manner unaffected and easy.

After the close of the service, he shook hands familiarly with most of the audience, especially with the aged and poor.

Eliza Jones remarked, as they were returning home, that she was highly pleased with the simplicity and plainness of the audience, in their apparel and manners.

"I know not," said James, "whether to compare Mr. Parson to a patriarch, or to an angel, as he passed down the aisle with such a benignant countenance, so kindly speaking to every one."

"O Jimmy," said Mary, "he shook hands with

me, little as I be. How glad I shall be when he comes to our house, shant you Johnny ?"

"Yes," said John, "we will try to remember all of the texts, so as to repeat them when he asks us."

After supper they had an animated conversation about Mr. Parson.

Susan. "Pa, I hope you are going to Mr. Parson's church next Sabbath, are you not ?"

Deacon J. "We shall attend there every Sabbath in future, Providence permitting. Mr. Frazer and his congregation are incurably worldly. Mr. Parson is a holy man, exerting a great influence for good; his neighborhood is the most moral of any in this county."

Mrs. Jones. "How happy Mr. Page's family must be to worship with a church so humble, and elevated; and to sit under the ministry of so holy a man."

Eliza. "I wish poor old Mr. Bates could hear Mr. Parson. Pa could you not carry him over ?"

Deacon J. "It would make us late at church, to go down to Mr. Bates' before we start"

James. "I will take the carriage next Saturday, and bring Mr. Bates, and Mrs. Bates, if she is able; let them stay here over-night and go with us."

Deacon J. "That is well thought of, my son.',

Mrs. J. "They will need to be informed beforehand."

John. "I am going to the city in the morning; I will run down and tell them. I will carry them some apples."

Susan. "Pa, I hope you will learn next Sunday when Mr. Parson will call here; I want to have James bring Mr. and Mrs. Bates over here, the day before, and let them rest themselves at night, so that they can have a good visit with Mr. Parson."

Deacon J. "The friendship of my children for the humble poor gives me great pleasure. Christ was the friend of the poor. We know not how soon our possessions may take wings and fly away. Let us have our treasure and our heart in heaven."

When the time had come for Mr. Parson's visit to be on the morrow, James brought Mr. and Mrs. Bates to Deacon Jones', and after supper, they had an interesting conversation about Mr. Parson and his congregation.

Eliza and Susan seated Mrs. Bates, who was very infirm, in the best easy chair, and seated themselves by her side, while little Mary, with golden ringlets, and smiling face, was on her stool,

at Mrs. Bate's feet; all striving to make her as happy as possible; the boys were equally as attentive to Mr. Bates.

Eliza remarked that she had spent several days in Mr. Parson's neighborhood, mostly with the poor, inviting the children to Sabbath School, and furnishing garments to such as needed them, in order to go. These poor were German and Irish emigrants, working the railroad. About half of them were Catholics, when they came there, but Mr. Parson moved about among them, so like an angel of mercy, that he has won nearly all of them to the truth. An Irish laborer died while she was there. Mr. Parson preached the funeral sermon; such kindness, and yearning sympathy, she had never witnessed in a clergyman towards a bereaved and afflicted family. They were left very destitute but the neighbors assembled, at Mr. Parson's request, and supplied their wants.

She called on an Irish family one day, and was assured that the children should go to the Sabbath School. True they had not suitable clothes, but daddy had gone to the city, with an order on Knowles, for thirty dollars, which he had received of Mr. Gage, for two month's labor, on the public works. They were full of anticipation, and very happy. They were to have some table furniture, a variety of groceries, and no longer live so poor. Nancy was to have a bonnet, Kitty a shawl, Maggy a dress and apron, and Thaddy a hat, and cloth for a coat.

A small waggon was heard descending the hill, and all were on tip-toe to see daddy come with the goods; several climbed the board fence, and Willie, the baby, put his little hand above his eyes to keep out the rays of the setting sun, crouched and looked through the fence. Daddy came, but no smile on his face. He came in and seated himself and burst into tears. "O," said he, "I could

bear it for myself, but my poor wife and children! I have got not a bit of a thing for them. I have lost my hard work entirely. Knowles would not take the order."

"O Jemmy," said the wife, "we will get along some way. Poor man to work so hard, and be cheated so, by that speculating Knowles."

Gage, an honest man, with a small fortune, had taken a job on the railroad for two thousand dollars, but it cost him two thousand seven hundred. Poor Gage was ruined; and the keenest of his suffering was to find that after paying out every dollar of his own property, several of these industrious foreigners he was unable to pay.

Mr. Parson came in while the father was lamenting his loss, and hearing the circumstances, took from his pocket a bank note of five dollars, and offered it to him, but he declined taking it, saying, "I cannot rob the priest." Said Mr. Parson, I will give it to your wife. She looked inquiringly towards her husband. "O do as you please, Maggy," he said. As she took the note, James said, "Do you think, Maggy, that any Catholic priest would do the like o' that?" "No, Jemy," she replied, "they would be after fleecing us of every shilling, but a bit o' you would never get o' 'em."

The evening passed pleasantly away; the morrow came, and Mr. Parson appeared just as Deacon Jones and Mr. Bates came in from a walk.

Mr. Parson. "You have a most beautiful situation, and it is doubly interesting by the season. What a pleasant odor arises from the ripening fruit."

Mr. Bates. "We have just been walking in the garden, and orchard, and grove."

Mr. P. "The benevolent Creator has given us great resources of enjoyment. Earth the most of the year is clothed in green, which of all colors

is best suited to the eye; the blossoms of the trees and plants, mingled with the green, add greatly to the beauty; and in autumn the odor and color of the fruit, awakens gratitude to God, in every devout heart."

Deacon J. "Poor Mrs. Bates has so far lost her sight, that she can no longer view the face of nature."

Mrs. Bates. "I am thankful to my kind heavenly Father, for what I have seen, and am resigned to my lot."

Mr. P. "God has made a benevolent provision for us, in furnishing us with memory, fancy, and imagination, by which we may call up the past: by which the blind still see, and the exile lives in his native land."

Mr. Bates. "This is what I some times call the poetry of the heart, by which poor suffering sons of misfortune, forget their condition, and live in ideal regions."

Mrs. Bates. "By this pilgrims in this land of sorrow and affliction, paint to their view, a happier land, where spring is perpetual, and peace and friendship reign."

Mr. P. "Those ideal regions seen by the devout student of the Bible, are usually painted from a pattern in the word of truth, and will prove a reality after death."

Mr. Bates. "I have sat in my cottage door at the beautiful and solemn hour of evening, when the last rays of the setting sun were disappearing from the lake, and sung:

"On Jordan's stormy bank I stand,"

and forgot my sorrows in a rapturous view of that better land. My years are doubtless nearly numbered. I shall soon be gone."

Mr. P. "Your have been a man of affliction. To be robbed of your honest earnings in the morn-

ing of life, and doomed to abject poverty ever after, is a great calamity."

Mr. B. "It is; but the severest of all was the fall and death of my child. There never was a more amiable, affectionate, and obedient daughter. She was our solace after the loss of our property, there was a power in her sweet voice and smile, that never failed to drive sorrow from our dwelling. We had been looking for her home for some time, and had arranged every thing to give her a happy welcome, when a stranger informed us that Martha Bates was driven from shelter into the wintry storm by Mrs. Morgan, and that my old friend, Mr. Jones, took her to his house, where she soon died."

During this recital all were in tears, even little Mary wept aloud. Some of them were thinking of the cruel, and murderous seducer, George Anderson, now one of the proudest men of the city, occupying one of the highest seats in Mr. Frazer's congregation.

Eliza came in with some choice fruit, which she first presented to Mr. and Mrs. Bates, and then to Mr. Parson, who was highly pleased with her respect to age; Mr. and Mrs. Bates being much older than himself. Eliza now took her accordeon and sung at Mr. Parson's request:

"Yes my native land I love thee."

Mr. Bates. "'Music is like the memory of the past, mournful and pleasing to the soul.' Music carries me to the hills of my native Ossian land, to the highlands, to the Morven of Ossian."

Mr. P. "Are you a native of Scotland?"

Mr. B. "I am. I spent the days of my childhood and youth in the highest of the Highlands, overlooking the western ocean. George Anderson, sen., father of the Andersons of our city, was brought up with me, and we were educated toge-

ther in Edenburgh. He accompanied me to Ameriea, and we were in business together, until he took possession of all I had, and left me without employment or home."

Mrs. B. "'Yes my native land I love thee.' How often, by the help of the imagination, I have traveled the same hills and valleys in the Highlands, that I traveled in my childhood."

Mr P. "Heaven is a fairer land than the Highlands."

Deaeon Jones. "I have long since designed to invite Mr. and Mrs. Bates to spend the remainder of their days in my family. I will bring their goods to-morrow."

This invitation was aceepted with gratitude. And now as it was near evening, while Mrs. Bates remained with Susan, and John and Mary, the rest of the family, with Mr. Bates, accompanied Mr. Parson to the eity, where he was to lecture in Mr. Norton's church, on the moral evil of slavery, and the wickedness of the Fugitive Slave Law.

WILLIAM W. CRANE.

Otter Creek, Mich., July 24, 1852.